

O & E



S & V E.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART;—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1804.

NOVELIST.

THE WOODEN LEG.

[From the German of Solomon Gessner.]

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of RAUTI precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called ECHO gayly from the hollow rocks, and ECHO bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountainside. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps—for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprize, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling—do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley; know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend is more honorable to me than are to many the most straight and active. I don't doubt, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honorable to you, though I dare say another would be more useful. Without doubt you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of that rock?

OLD MAN. I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said—Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the ALMIGHTY POWER, and bless their valour; for, without that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the ECHOES repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabits these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. LIBERTY! sweet LIBERTY! it is thou that pourest felicity upon this blessed land! All we see around us is our own.

We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours, and the time of harvest is with us rejoicing days.

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD MAN. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of NEFELS, I come, once a year, to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle, where LIBERTY made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen, covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses' hoofs.—Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of NEFELS, in flames, filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of the hill where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling round him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes an hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they overleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Rank'd around the hero, we made a vow, and GOD was our witness, to conquer or to die. The enemy advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but, always forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became

unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, enforced by thirty SWISS warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and, with a horrid crush, lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side, the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still further. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring HEAVEN to aid us!—Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of LIBERTY! he said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours—my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured—but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of PARADISE, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never, in this life, shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior with tears in his eyes, said—No, father: in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surprized, cried,—Heavens! What dost thou say? Dost thou then know, my son, who my deliverer was?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. I am much deceived if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say—I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive?

OLD MAN. O GOD! O angels of heaven! Was that generous man thy father?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He had a scar here—pointing to his left cheek—he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD MAN. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! My son!

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He died two years ago, and as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said—Heaven be praised! I can recompence thee for his generosity. Come! my son—come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked toward the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, he said to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou can'st love him, I shall be happy to see you united!—The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third to her appeared a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them—My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. II.

UPON alighting from the carriage, we heard the voices of some persons, apparently engaged in the heat of argument; and on entering the inn, found two men warmly debating upon some of the measures of congress. By questions which were alternately put from each to the other, it appeared evident that both were ignorant of some of the most important particulars which led to those measures, and rendered them indispensable. The animated countenances of two of my fellow passengers, testified the interest they took in the contest, which, upon returning to the stage, they assumed, and would probably have carried it to an unpleasant degree of irritability, had not the before mentioned elderly gentleman set them right, in a particular which seemed to damp their patriotism. It seems they had mistaken the subject of dispute at the tavern, and were exhausting their oratorical powers on a measure not under the cognizance of congress.

During the suspension of conversation which succeeded, I sat ruminating on the number and variety of the duties of life, the difficulty of fulfilling those duties, even to our own acceptance, and the heedlessness of those who neglect this first study of man, to set the government right. My thoughts were naturally led into this train by the judicious remarks which had been made preceeding our leaving the carriage, and com-

paring them with the subsequent controversy. I was contrasting the character of the man who possesses a cultivated understanding and an inclination to do good with that of him, whose untutored mind, leaves him nothing to display, but his ignorance, his passions and his vanity. I was endeavoring to retrace the observations which had been made, on the cultivation of the human faculties; when my reverie was interrupted by the lady before mentioned, who expressed a desire to hear the continuation of them.

Madam, said the gentleman, I feared you might charge me with running down my simile, and would choose to avoid the chase.

No, sir—But I could almost wish that your simile had not been so critically applicable, because it places the responsibility of parents in a point of view too striking, to leave me quite satisfied with myself; for I am a parent.

Permit me to assert, said he, that no parent, particularly a mother, can fulfil a parent's duty, without feeling at times, dissatisfied with herself. The task is so arduous, as to leave doubts in the reflecting mind, of the propriety of its own decisions, and it is so important, that only those who are incapable of reflection, can at all times meet their own approbation. I particularize the Mother, because the parental responsibility rests chiefly with her. It is in the spring of life, that those mental seeds are sown, which grow to maturity with manhood. During this early season, children, are almost exclusively the mother's charge; the daughters continue to be particularly the subjects of her care; while the management of the sons, is partially transferred by degrees to the father, as they advance through the season of domestic government; this is nature's course, nor can it be changed by art, consequently the superior responsibility which devolves upon the mother, is of necessity, and unalienable. Within the period of dependance on maternal care, most of those principles take root, which in time become confirmed habits, and give manhood its general cast.

Do you then imagine sir, said the lady, that lasting impressions are made on the minds of children, at an age which may be considered as only the first dawning of reason?

Excuse my answering your question with another, said he. Do you imagine that any lasting impressions are made on your garden by the seeds which are seasonably committed to it?

This question sir, bears its own evidence, and therefore needs no reply; but it is beyond my comprehension how children can be instructed in good or evil, previous to their being able to utter a word, or understand a sentence of the language in which you speak to them.

If an elder child, madam, seizes the play thing of his infant brother, his cries immediately give notice of the violence, his looks and gestures inform you by whom that violence was committed; his play thing is returned, and he is satisfied: here is evidence that the idea of property is fixed before the tongue can utter its appropriate terms, yours and mine. If the injury be repeated sundry times, the younger becomes afraid of the elder, whenever he approaches; and while one is acquiring the principles of tyranny and rapine, the other takes lessons of hatred to his brother. The address displayed by children in trying the strength of parental authority, and the power they early acquire, of knowing exactly how far they may dare go in perverseness, is an indisputable testimony of the continual progress of that mental crop which is to produce a future harvest in its kind. Thus by the time that the father becomes an efficient agent in the cultivation of his intellectual garden, the mother has sown the seeds, and they are so far advanced, as not to admit an easy change; if they be good, they will now demand the father's aid in bringing them to maturity; if not, he may extract some of the weeds, but to eradicate the rising growth, and produce another different in kind, may require more skill, perseverance, and leisure, than fall to his lot.

Well,—said the lady, I have neither the means nor the inclination to combat your theory, but should be gratified with your description of the measures to be pursued, for reducing it to practice, in the management of a family; and, if you please, the group of children, whose rude manners first introduced the conversation, shall be the example, on which you shall trace the probable defects of management, and point out the remedies.

To this the gentleman readily agreed; his observations will be reserved for the next number.

MISCELLANY.

ON DELICACY AND CAPTIOUSNESS.

HOW different are *delicacy* and *captiousness*! and how often are they confounded by ourselves and others! He who is offended at the omission of what he had no right to expect, and who feels the minutest neglect of what he ought to receive, will certainly consider their sensations as the effect of the same principle; yet it is manifest that two principles which really produce them, differ in the same degree as right and wrong; but they who *offend*, will, perhaps, as often confound captiousness and delicacy, as they that are *offended*; for as they always suppose their own conduct to be *right*, it will necessarily follow, that they will impute to the delicate man, who justly resents it as *wrong*, the touchiness of the captious man, who

condemns it *with reason*. Thus then will these two things be continually called the same; yet see how different they are in their natures:—*Delicacy*, which, by an exquisite sense, feels that a certain refinement is due to itself from others, is not only urged by that very sense to *bestow* it more freely upon them, but is also guarded against *requiring* more than is its due:—*Captiousness*, which, on the contrary, does *require* a concession from others of more than its due, is by that very principle prompted to *give* them less than is theirs. *Delicacy* never is deceived by mere appearances of offence; nay, it allows for the ignorance, deficiency, and mistakes of other men's minds:—*Captiousness* resents improprieties which are, perhaps, altogether ideal, and which, supposing them to exist, are measured not by reason, but pride. *Delicacy* finds its resource in itself for real injuries; *captiousness* is wounded by imaginary ones. *Delicacy* is sensible and exalted—*captiousness* foolish, and mean.

WOMAN—AN APOLOGUE.

A BEAUTIFUL woman and her husband were once lost in a wood, in the middle of a very dark night. On all sides they heard nothing but the shrill whistle of robbers, or the long cries of wolves; the sky too was tempestuous. The female became at once motionless through fear.

"What will become of us?" cried she, clinging round her husband.

"Let us continue our Journey, my love," he replied coolly.

"But, good Heavens! the robbers?"

"Well, then, let us return."

"Oh, that's worse! the wild beasts?"

"What would you have then?"

"Leave this place."

"We can only do that, my love, by going forward or returning; choose which."

The female then shut her eyes, stopped her ears, and suffered herself to be conducted by her husband.

Such is the lot of woman. Nature has pointed out our respective distinctions, and the difference of our employments by the difference of our conformation. A taller stature, a more solid and less flexible organization, indicate the honorable duties of man. Here the laws of nature and society accord.

"Woman and man," says Rousseau, "are made for each other, but their mutual dependence is not equal. Men depend upon women by their desires; women upon men by their desires and their wants."

Women were created to be the companions of man, to please him, to solace him in his miseries, to console him in his sorrows, and not to partake with him the fatigues of war, of the sciences, and of government. Warlike women, learned women, and women who are politicians, equally abandon the circle which nature and institutions have

traced round their sex; they convert themselves into men. They renounce the empire which they inevitably exercised by their weaknesses to run vainly after the more equivocal empire of force. We hear of women that have fought, written, and governed with success. What does this prove? The exception does not destroy the rule. And, besides, where is the feeling and amiable woman who would exchange the ineffable happiness of being loved for the unsubstantial pleasures of fame?—Where is the man who would have preferred Joan of Arc to the mild and timid Agnes Sorel? We admire the masculine mind of Elizabeth; but we love Mary, queen of Scots.

AMUSING.

THE CHARACTER OF A SOT.

A SOT is a silly fellow without brains. His sight is best when he is stone blind, for until then he can never find his way home. He is a post-boy's horn to alarm a quiet neighborhood at the unseasonable hour of one in the morning; a brewer's pump, to keep store cellars dry. He is a lawyer, for he understands conveyancing extremely well. Although he scarcely knows what a pulpit means, yet he is a most religious fellow, for the name of God is ever at his tongue's end; and he is particularly careful to teach his family the duty of fasting. He is a barefooted carmelite, for you seldom see him with a pair of shoes to his feet. His frugality is remarkable, for a shirt always lasts him a month without washing, and a pair of stockings until they are worn out. His tailor is Jack Ketch, or his Grace of Monmouth, to one or other of whom he applies, as often as he can afford it, for a left off suit. Strangers frequently mistake him for a Jew, because of his beard. In his draughts he is a camel. He is the wonderful camelion, which is never seen to eat. He is terribly afflicted with various distempers; being frequently seized with the falling sickness at midnight, accompanied with a dead palsy in his tongue: St. Anthony's fire has visibly settled in his face, and so terribly does the ague shake his hand, that he cannot lift a glass of gin to his head. The pawn-broker is his banker, and the publican his chief creditor. In short, while he is alive he is worthy of any person's notice, but after his death there will be no traces found of his memory, except on the chalked walks of ale-houses.

ANECDOTE.

IN a great freshet, a farmer's wife was taken in labor, and no person proper to assist her living nearer than seven miles the good husband rode with the utmost speed to Dr. Rhubarb, whom he begged instantly to go to his wife. The doctor being a known one, declared, though his usual fee was

two guineas, at such a distance, when no danger appeared; yet now (said he) I must go at the imminent hazard of my life, I shall not budge one foot, unless you agree to give me ten guineas. The farmer in vain remonstrated on his inability to perform such a demand; Rhubarb was inflexible. The honest countryman's love to his Joan rose above every objection, and he at last engaged to raise the money: they got to the farm-house, through much difficulty, and in an hour or two the doctor presented the master of the house with a fine boy, and demanded his exorbitant fee: which the farmer immediately gave him and drank each a glass of ale to the boy's welfare.—By this time the flood was greatly increased and real danger threatened the doctor in his return; on which (not being at all acquainted with the way) he entreated the farmer to lose no time in conducting him back.—"My friend, (cries the farmer) you would not come to help my wife, who was in real distress, unless I promised to give ten guineas, when only an imaginary danger was before you; but there is now a real hazard in my venturing to shew you the safest way back; therefore unless you will give me nine guineas for my trouble in conducting your home, you may abide where you are until the next dry season."—All replies were in vain; no art could make any impression on the countryman. Rhubarb was obliged to return nine guineas; the farmer landed him safely among his gallipots, and the honest man got well home again, triumphing over inhumanity and advance.

Lancaster, September 19, 1804.

DIED, in this Borough, on Sunday last, in the 42d year of his age, Mr. James Whiteside, of Colerain township, in this county. Mr. Whiteside was a respectable Member of civil and religious Society, and deservedly esteemed a pious, honest Man. He has left a Wife and 9 Children, to lament the absence of a kind Husband and tender Parent.

Melancholy. On the 7th Inst. as Mr. James Cochran, of this County, was driving his Team (the Waggoner being sick) on the State Road, some miles on this side of Greensburg; in attempting to mount the Saddlehorse, the Creature started, and threw him on his head, in such position that the wheels passed over both his thighs; one of which was broken. This occurred about 9 o'Clock in the morning; the Bone was not set until seven in the evening: and he died about Midnight, in the 37th year of his age.

Mr. Cochran was generous, honest, obliging, and benevolent; his Death will, therefore, be sincerely regretted by those who knew him. He has left an amiable Widow, and three tender Infants, to mourn a Loss, to them irreparable.

Intelligencer.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. EDITOR,

Although I have been intimately acquainted with fair Amanda, of this town, for several years past; yet I never could discover, by anything but her dress, that she were feminine:

THIS lady still so masculine appears,
Imperiously assails my eyes and ears,
That, should I wake her anger in debate,
I quickly find my nymph near Billingsgate;
And, as to marriage now, without a scoff,
This candid line may tell her—I am off!

Lancaster, 17 Sep.

LYSANDER

[COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.]

THE GRAVE OF HAMILTON.

SOFT beam thy rays, fair daughter of the skies,
With rich profusion gilding o'er this scene
Of deep repose and death: each vagrant breeze
Lies hush'd within its cell, in seeming fear
The solemn calm of nature should be broken—
Save when a solitary zephyr's sound
Sighing in mournful cadence, through the trees,
Seems like a parted spirit's whispering voice
Which tells of woe to come—
A chilly horror rushes through my frame,
As o'er this sad sepulchral scene I tread,
With slow and winding step—lest on some grave
Haste might impel my feet—Nor you, ye wise,
Smile at the superstition fond, which deems
The act unholy and a sacrilege
To nature's laws: Oh! rather join and pay
The reverence due, to nature's sad remains.
This is the spot my wandering feet have sought,
The last receptacle of him, who once
Was great as good—alas! how far beyond
The reach of common natures—his it was
To blend each nobler quality which forms
The soldier, statesman, and endearing friend
In happy union—his the feeling heart
Which to the tender charities of life,
Beat in kind unison—th' electric power
Of genius was his own, in such degree
That all stood mute before him—awful lesson
To man's fond vanity—that HAMILTON,
Whose wisdom, goodness, valour, were almost
Beyond all parallel, has bow'd beneath
Death's iron sceptre; and but late entomb'd
That eye, whose lightning spoke the soul within;
Those lips, whose sounds in pleasing fetters held
Each ear attentive, mouldering in the dust.
Bright dart the moon-beams o'er his lowly grave,
And by their silv'ry light, methinks I read
A name to him allied—his eldest hope!
Heart-piercing sight! here, side by side, arrang'd,
Father and son lie wrapt in long repose;
Alike untimely fallen, victims alike
To honor—tyrant of the feeling heart.
Oh hapless mother! widow'd wife! what words
Can paint thine anguish! Scarce the streaming tears
Which deep maternal sorrow taught to flow,
Were dry'd from thy pale cheek, when this rude blow
Struck at the beam of peace that still remain'd,
And tore it from thy breast. May each blest power,
Kind guardians of the good, with constant care
Support thy grief-worn heart; and resignation
Upon thy bosom shed her healing dew.
For him, who lies, this sacred dust beneath,
Vain is our deep regret—a nation's tears—
A nation's prayers could not avail, to add
One moment to his life—Yet, to ourselves,
A soothing, melancholy pleasure springs

From ev'ry tribute render'd to his worth:
How justly all must know—Fond mem'ry still
Delights to trace the youthful warrior's steps
From field to field, but chiefly loves to dwell
On southern plains, where York extends her bounds;
Where, to the desperate charge, his troops he led,
Then on the vanquish'd foe, benignly smiled.
Sure angels, from their bright abodes look'd down
And blest a vict'ry worthy of a hero.
Unmark'd with blood's contaminating stain,
Valour and mercy, for his youthful brow,
A laurel crown entwin'd with fairest flowers
Perennial intermix'd—still shall it bloom,
Though 'cold and motionless' the hand that won it,
And to remotest ages gives its sweets.
But why recount his deeds in war or peace,
O'er all Columbia's wide extended shores
His name long since was heard—who did not know
In worth and valour few were known his equals—
In genius none—Then be his well-earn'd fame
Confided to a grateful people's care.
[Amer. Citizen.]

CLARA.

ON LIBERTY.

CURST be the wretch, that's bought & sold,
And barters liberty for gold!
For when elections are not free,
In vain we boast our liberty.
And he who sells his single right,
Would sell his country, if he might.
When liberty is put to sale,
For wine, for money, or for ale,
The sellers must be abject slaves,
The buyers vile designing knaves.
This maxim, in the statesman's school,
Is always taught "divide and rule."
All parties are to him a joke;
While zealots foam, he fits the yoke:
When men their reason once resume,
He in his turn begins to fume.
Hence, learn, Columbians, to unite:
Leave off the old, exploded bite.
Henceforth let feuds and discords cease,
And turn all party rage to peace.

LINES

On hearing a number of gentlemen abuse an
absent acquaintance.

O, SOCIAL beings! honor'd with a tongue,
Ne'er use a means so great to ends so wrong;
Wise to improve, as innocent to please,
With studious caution shun the dire disease;
So happiness shall flow from friend to friend,
And speech not deviate from its first great end,
Which nature, for our gen'ral good design'd,
Gave us a key to unlock the generous mind.

TEAR OF A FRIEND.

IN misery's sore bonds I've a captive been held,
Of sorrow's sad cup I've drank deep;
Through life's varied scene by my ill fate impell'd,
My portion has still been to weep:
Yet through this rough path, heav'n a solace did send,
That still strove my grief to destroy,
The gloom of despair, by the tear of a friend,
Oft turn'd a faint sunshine of joy.
In fortune's soft breast was my infancy nurs'd,
How hard the reserve of my lot;
But the cloud of misfortune has long on me burst,
And my dreams of delight are forgot:
Still I'll always indulge a fond hope to the end,
Though fortune may frown on me still;
Though darken'd my day, yet the tear of a friend
With patience my bosom shall fill.

THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR,

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

DEVOID of all care was my morning of life;
Friends and traffic fulfill'd each desire,
As true and as good, as she's fair was my wife,
And my babes lisp'd the joy of their sire.

But misfortune, dire spectre, my hopes did depress,
And villainy injur'd my fame;
My credit, once great, ev'ry moment grew less,
And friendship I found but a name.

A hard-hearted creditor view'd my distress,
His soul was ne'er form'd to relieve;
He plung'd me, alas! in a prison's recess,
Depriv'd of all sense but to grieve.

My friend took the pains my dark mansion to seek,
My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear,
My children—but why of their woes should I speak—
It drives me, alas! to despair.

Sharp misery stings—fortune hovers around,
The life springs of comfort are dry;
No relief for so woe-worn a wretch can be found,
But to hide his despair and to die.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

BY MR. MOORE.

(SEE how beneath the moon beam's smile,
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then retires to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swell'd a moment there,
He melts into eternity.

THE HIVE.

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